

by Gary Deck

Toward the end of the war, a sense of urgency permeated Oak Ridge. "We worked day and night before the first one went off," Goslin told the *Petrel*. He related that betting went on, not concerning whether the trial bomb would be dropped, but on how much damage it would do. Goslin sensed a great deal of satisfaction among his associates. "They realized that the bomb was very devastating and could bring the war to a sudden end."



Men who have come closer than Dr. Goslin to holding the destiny of our planet in their hands are few and far between.

The following is the winning composition in the recent poetry contest. It was written by Liz Graydon, now the O.U. Poet Laureat.

Oh, your scrubbed and happy faces, you whose feet
trip lightly as the gently falling leaves of autumn
'cross the tendered lawn midst gothic grace
With eyes so sparkling bright as to suggest
The very stars of heaven have gathered there
And shining rays of brightest sun linger in your hair.

Your hearts not visible to the eye are light as
Dandelions before gentle winds blow them from their moor
All the hopes of untold generations yet unborn
We see within these duplicates of our yesteryear.
They taste the finest hours of this our earthly life
Thankfully unaware of the imminent threat of strife.

Unaware, so unaware, that age, oh vicious thief,
Who robs us of our youth and hopes and dreams
Awaits us with delight to smother every whim and wish
And brings with it infirmities of this our mortal flesh
Which dull the eyes, and turn the hair to gray
And leaves us trembling in the cold of winter's day.

Tarry, I pray of you, but for a little while
 'Less time for listening, learning be forever gone
 Cease the worrying; wipe your tears from endless weeping
 O'er the imagined problems of your all too limited days.
 Take to your bosom the many wonders and the joys of youth
 This is your life! Fill it with treasures strong to last
 Before the hour's far too late, and the future is your past.

[illegible]